

# Evening Telegraph

A DAILY AFTERNOON NEWSPAPER.

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## To Correspondents.

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## To Advertisers.

Owing to the great increase in the Circulation of This  
Journal, we strongly request that advertisements may  
not exceed in size as 10 columns. If possible, to occur  
them in one of our columns.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1864.

UNION STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE  
ROOMS, NO. 1105 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,  
NOVEMBER 2, 1864.—Our friends in the different counties throughout the State are  
requested to telegraph the return of the Presidential election at the earliest possible moment, addressed to "GEORGE H. BAKER,  
Esq., Secretary Union League, Chestnut street, above Twelfth, Philadelphia."

SIMON CAMERON, Chairman.  
A. W. BENEDICT, Secretary.  
WIN FORTY,

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

The Governor of our Commonwealth has issued his annual proclamation calling upon the people of our land to return thanks to Almighty God for the manifold blessings which He has vouchsafed to our nation. Some of our citizens who are slightly tinctured with insensibility can see but little to be thankful for, and cannot see the hand of God guiding and blessing the nation. He has chosen us His peculiar people." From such we would ask a few moments' attention, while we recount the numerous kindnesses and ceaseless care with which the Lord has strewn our path during the year which will shortly close.

He has blessed our State with the greatest gift that Heaven vouchsafes to man—perfect health. Look at the experience of years that are gone; look at the devastations which have laid waste so many homes by those frightful epidemics, the cholera, yellow fever, and smallpox. But, say those who murmur at the acts of Providence, "our land is afflicted with war—sad, unrelenting war—which carries a load one of every house, and fills thousands of homes with mourning surpassing that of violent disease." But is it not better, oh, father and mother! to have your sons die in defense of the most sacred rights of man, than to see them linger away at last fall into the grave exhausted by some loathsome disease?

"To every one upon this earth death comes but once or late;" And, how much man die better than by facing "For the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his Gods?"

Murmur not at the dispensations of Providence, for "the ways of the Lord are not as our ways."

Again—is there no cause for thanksgiving in the abundant crops which fill our barns to overflowing, and say to the poorest of our land, "Eat, drink, and be merry!" When we see Ireland groaning beneath the dread of starvation, when other lands are filled with apprehensions of coming despair, it is a pleasant thought, O farmer! as you scatter your seed, that for every handful which you cast the cries of your fellow-beings in other climes are changed into thanksgiving, and their sadness into joy. Should we not be thankful that our teeming fields enable us to supply the wants of our army, and ease the pain of the sick and wounded? Ceres has proved the true friend to Mars. Surely for this we ought to raise our songs of thanksgiving.

Again—in our national affairs, have we not cause for joy? Have not the prospects brightened since last we read the Governor's call for thanksgiving? Has not victory perchance upon our banners in every battle, both on land and sea? Are we not nearer to-day the consummation of our hopes?

When, says ancient mythology, the first woman opened the Pandora-box, out flew disease, famine, pestilence, and war. She quickly closed the lid, but all had escaped to desolate the earth, except Hope, and it remained alone forever in the human breast.

But in the heart of the American people there remains one other quality besides hope—that is, determination. And these twin attributes of a great nation will lead us on to victory and a permanent peace. Can any one, after thinking over what might have been our lot, after seeing with his mind's eye our State desolated by the foot of the invader, barns empty, and the populace crying for bread; defeat happening to our armies; destruction to our nation, and disease at home, that we are not blessed? Can any one, after these things, hesitate to return his thanks for a complete preservation from such horrors?

Thanksgiving Day! What fond imaginings it calls up! The reunion of long-separated friends and relatives. To the mind of childhood, the vision of a gigantic turkey looms up before the delighted mind; and truly a turkey, with proper surroundings, is a cause in itself for a special thanksgiving.

Happiness is the prominent feature of the day, joy fills every heart, and the soul of man sends up its thanks to its Creator.

Upon such a day, it is proper to give to the poor, help the needy, free the oppressed, and offer to the Almighty our sincere thanks for all the goodness He has shown to the children of men.

## THE SCIENCE OF WAR.

While the science of Chemistry has advanced with prodigious strides, while Botany has grown from infancy to manhood, and Geology has been born, we are apt to overlook the great improvements which have been made in the science of war, for war is as much a science as the foregoing. A most instructive and interesting work could be written on the improvement of modern warfare over that of the dark ages. The discovery of gunpowder has wrought the mighty revolution, and but for it we might still have been fighting with arrows and maneuvering like the Macedonian phalanx. Then the army consisting of the most men could win the victory. They fought hand to hand, and after each couple had one of them slain, the side which had a balance won the conflict. But now all things are changed.

The side which has the most artillery and the most expert marksmen to day wins the fight. A battle is no longer a contest of matter but a struggle of mind. It was the mind of Emerson that saved us from foreign war; it will yet succeed in enabling us to vanquish internal foes. Mind is now the instrument of war, force is only its slave.

It may seem an astonishing fact, yet nevertheless a great truth, that gunpowder has saved human life. At the battles of ancient

saints were numbered by their tens of thousands. At Cannae the rings from the dead Roman knights were counted by the bushel, while now the slain are counted by hundreds; and the most terrific battles of modern times can only number less thousands than a man has fingers on his hand. Such is the improvement wrought by mind; and we hope yet to see the day when science shall perfect the instruments of death, that the weak will equal the strong, and all war cease on account of the universal slaughter which will attend its path. Let us hope that the day may not be far distant when the iron hills of the Keystone State will yield their ore for other purposes than those of "the soldiery of the thunder of war," when Mars will be dethroned and universal peace bless all lands.

But this happy consummation is not desirable until the power of our Government shall rule from the pine-clad hills of Maine to the grassy glades of Texas, from the Atlantic to the Golden Gate of the Pacific. When this is accomplished, we pray for universal peace.

WAR DEMOCRATS, LISTEN TO YOUR LEADER.—General Hiram Walbridge, the friend of Douglas, and leader of the War Democracy of the Empire City, has written a letter calling on the supporters and friends of the lamented Douglas, whose memory was insulted by the action of the Chicago Convention, to listen to the voice of this leader and follow in the path which he would have trod, were he on earth. The whole letter is published in another column, and we commend it to the earnest attention of all true War Democrats. The General is too well known to need commendation from our pen, and his voice will be listened to with attention by all.

## SEYMOUR'S FREE BALLOT.

Not content with cheating the soldiers around Richmond and Petersburg out of their votes, HORATIO SEYMOUR extends his fraud to the Southwest. Captain PENNOCK, commanding the Mississippi Squadron, is as true a patriot as walks the quarter-deck, and he entertains a whole-hoisted contempt for all traitors, whether in arms or whether they hold high position among the free people of the North.

Consequently, when he discovered the game of SEYMOUR's agents who had been sent down to take the vote in his squadron, he promptly stopped it, by distributing equally tickets with the names of the Union candidates LINCOLN and JOHNSON, and the SEYMOUR candidates, McCLELLAN and PENDLETON. SEYMOUR's game was blocked by this frank movement. His agents were instructed to receive only the votes of those men who desired to vote for McCLELLAN—the New York soldier and freeman who had a preference for Mr. LINCOLN to be denied the privilege of voting.

This is the "free ballot" again, of which the Democrats boast. This is the "free ballot" which in huge letters is emblazoned on Democratic transparencies in Democratic processions, where Democrats outrage the community by mobbing Union club-houses, and prove their devotion to freedom of speech, freedom of thought, and freedom of action, by crushing in the skulls of men who do not choose to adopt their mode of thinking, and who cannot understand the claims of GEORGE B. McCLELLAN to the Presidency.

The country will think Captain PENNOCK is as true a patriot as the captain of the Mississippi Squadron, who has given up his command to stay by his failing fortunes.

IMPARTIAL, BUT INDISCRETE.—In the recent Democratic procession, one of the wards bore a transparency having on it a large blue lump, with a smaller ball above it, and bearing a label disapproving of "Scotch caps." This was a cutting reflection upon President LINCOLN; but we must not find fault. The procession displayed no partiality.

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THE EUREKA OIL COMPANY OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Capital, \$1,000,000, divided into 100,000 shares at \$10 per share. Subscription price, \$150 per share.

This Company owns some of the most valuable land and leases in the Kanawha Valley, situated on Horse Neck and Campbell's Iron Run creek of Bull Creek, and within five miles of the Ohio river.

On Horse Neck the Company owns one mile, which is now producing four barrels of oil per day. This will be very favorable and twenty-seven feet deep. The Superintendent is now preparing to bore to the depth of the other wells surrounding us, which are producing from one hundred to one hundred and sixty barrels of oil per day, when we are satisfied we can produce a like amount.

There is another well at Horse Neck, now in two hundred and forty feet, which is now producing from one hundred and ten feet, and on which this well is located, is on a personal basis.

The Hill Creek Company own a second interest, and the Company have the balance of two-thirds. Its bearing limits which are not very far apart. The specimens which pass these limits on either side form a small minority.—MacMurry.

THE FOLLY OF REVOLUTION.

The leaders of the Democratic party are making a great fuss about the freedom and purity of the elections. They insist that they will have a free ballot, and more than intimate that if the right should be denied, or in any manner or degree interfered with, they will have a "free fight."

This is all very terrible, and nervous people may possibly be made very uneasy by what they are pleased to style the premonitory mutterings of an impending revolution, and all that sort of thing.

But there is not much danger, and for two very good reasons. In the first place our people are not revolutionary in their disposition.

They are by habit, education, and by natural temperament, inclined to peace and order, rather than to social disturbance and turmoil. They would rather bear temporary evils of almost any kind, than upheave and overthrow the whole structure of society, in order to cure a mischief that may be more easily remedied, if left alone, would correct itself.

Besides, revolutions are very expensive and inconvenient, and instead of resulting in any improvement of the public condition, or achieving the ends contemplated by those who invent and instigate them, they often leave a people in a much worse condition than in which they found them.

History is full of striking proofs of the truth of this remark. When the storm is raised it is apt to rage without respite. Nothing is so uncontrollable as a multitude in a state of anarchy, and infested by the mad pannions of party zeal and animosity.

In such a situation the innocent and guilty are confounded, and all suffer alike. The authority of law is entirely superseded by the blind fury of the mob, which grows in violence with every hour.

Even the sentiments of humanity are no longer able to stay the fearful lust of blood and destruction, whose appetite grows with what it feeds on, and the whole land becomes a kind of pandemonium filled with demons, who run about venting their malignity on everybody and everything with unabating cruelty.

Such no man people would or should consider so fatal a state of disorder as that which France witnessed in 1789, while it is possible to preserve liberty by resort to regular and peaceful measures.

Indeed, every effort to protect popular government against the encroachments of power, or other abuses, has terminated in its subversion and the establishment on its ruins of a strong and consolidated, if not essentially deposite rule.

After the people have had a certain career of revolution and license, and sated their passions with a sorbet of blood and devastation, they grow weary of the terrible

saturnalia, and experience that revulsion which makes them seek an escape from the horrid drama of turbulence and chaos by invoking the protecting sway of the first man who has the courage, the ability, and the ambition to bring them into subjection, by establishing over them an absolute autocracy. Thus revolution, begun by a blind and impudent people as a means of securing liberty, ends most frequently in its utter and permanent destruction.

But were not so, still the people of this country have no real cause for revolution. Any grievances of which they might complain are remediable by an appeal to constitutional modes of redress, while, in any event, endurance of evils for a comparatively brief season is far preferable to an insurrection which can right no wrong, but must be productive of untold disasters and suffering to all classes, orders, and conditions of the people.

WHAT DOES IT PORTEND?—AUGUST BELMONT says that if President LINCOLN is re-elected the war will either continue four years or a disgraceful peace ensue. Has Mr. BELMONT any information from his principals, the ROTHSCHILDS, as to the intention of foreign Powers to interfere and compel a separation? Under no other circumstances is such a thing possible. Under these it is not probable. We would only have to fight England and France at once, instead of three years hence. For right and defeat we must.

But this happy consummation is not desirable until the power of our Government shall rule from the pine-clad hills of Maine to the grassy glades of Texas, from the Atlantic to the Golden Gate of the Pacific. When this is accomplished, we pray for universal peace.

W. H. BAKER, Esq., Secretary.

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